

at Sister Winifred, then grabbed her by her cape and threw her to the ground. Sister Winifred in turn got up and punched Sister Catherine in the eye, knocked Judy off her stool and staggered out.

Judy lay on the floor drunk on a combination of Thorazine and Bloody Marys until Uncle Simon and Sister Catherine (with a growing black eye) picked her up and carried her back to the looney bin with the late night soccer fans on the Underground.

POET A AND POET B

-- after a poem by RVargas about "the perfect wife" and "the other woman"

I "discovered" Poet A many years ago, and immediately fell in love with his poems. They were always witty, unusual, concise, and macho in an agreeable way. I bought his books and all the magazines he had work or interviews in. And I would have stayed up to 4 AM to hear him talk on a radio or TV show, but he never got that famous.

Anyhow, I have found him to be opposite to Poet B, whose work has never appeared anywhere but in a few college magazines. It has always been meatless and squeamish and dragged-out, to the extent that I would frequently wince at the sound of his name, or quickly turn the page when I saw it.

But recently I have tried to be more mellow, to read Poet B's poems less imperiously. They are getting pretentious to the point of genius, and I am beginning to be impressed.

LADY-LIKE

A "gentleman" allows a "lady" to hit him without retaliating, so these white folks were allowing a black woman to read her black racist poems, laughing as she told them off for being honkies. But I'm no gentleman, and said, "fuck off," once loudly enough so she glanced at me in surprise. I believe I was the least white supremacist person there.

-- Nichola Manning

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